I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepeheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewlap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely vauaunce thy headlesse hood.
For Youngth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penaunce,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuaunce.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his deuise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake,

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth
And some of loue, and some of
But none fitter then this to ap
Now listen a while, and heark

THere grewe an aged T
A goodly Oake someti
With armes full strong and l
But of their leaues they were
The bodie bigge, and mightel
Throughly rooted, and of won
Whilome had bene the King
And mochell mast to the hus b
And with his nuts larded ma
But now the gray mosse marr
His bared boughes were beat
His toppe was bald, & wasted
His honor decayed, his braun

Hard by his side grewe a by
Which proudly thrust into Th
And seemed to threat the Fir
Yt was embellisht with blosso
And thereto aye wonned to re
The shepheards daughters, t
To peinct their girlonds with
And in his small bushes bled
The sweete Nightingale sing
Which made this foolish Bre
That on a time he cast him to
And snebbe the good Dake, fo

Why standst there (quoth
Nor for fruict, nor for shadowe
Seest, how fresh my flowers be
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cre
With Leaues engrained in lu
Colours meete to clothe a may